



«mgen»

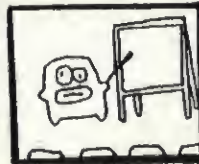


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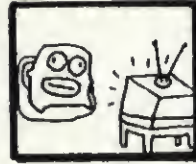
well, here we are...
 it's the second time
 around for all the
 stuff in here-comix
 done for various zines
 & comics that are out
 of print. i feel like i'm
 milking it, but for some
 reason the interest
 is there on others'
 parts... i just hope si
 doesn't kill me...

♥, jam

the migraine entertainment syndicate



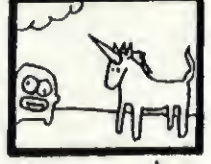
rigorous
testing



superior
idiocy



improved
distribution.



increased
creativity



acute
pain



extreme
moral fiber



action-
packed



more funny

"dirt hustlin' since back in
 the day, y'all!"

stamp = catalog

pee oh boks 673
 portland, or 97207

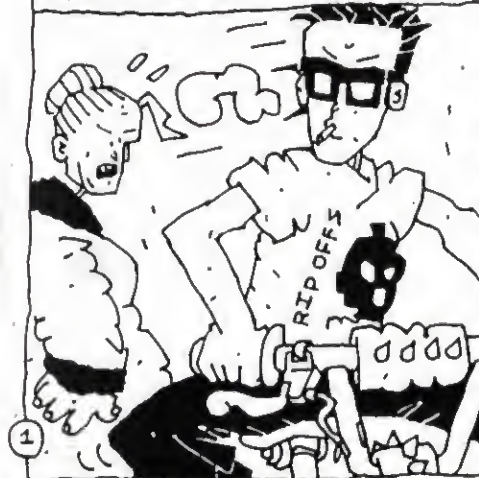




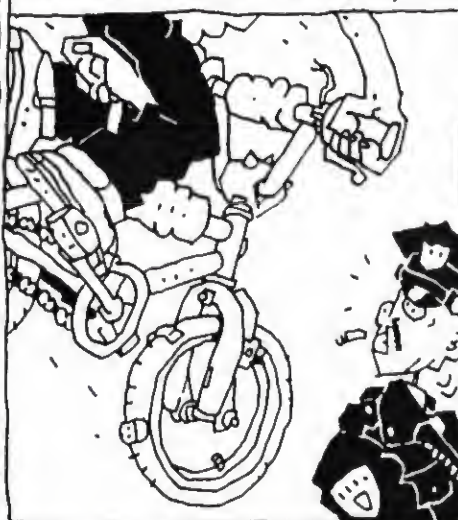
WHEN DEPRESSION'S NIPPING AT YOUR HEELS, NOTHING'S BETTER THAN CRUISING 'ROUND ON TWO WHEELS,



WHEN YER CONFRONTED BY THOSE PANGS OF HEARTACHE, GET ON AND DON'T TOUCH THEM BRAKES.



WHEN YER DOWN IN A SLUMP, POP SOME AIR OFF A JUMP,



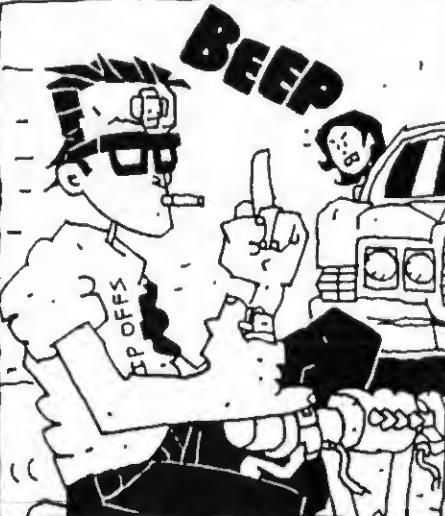
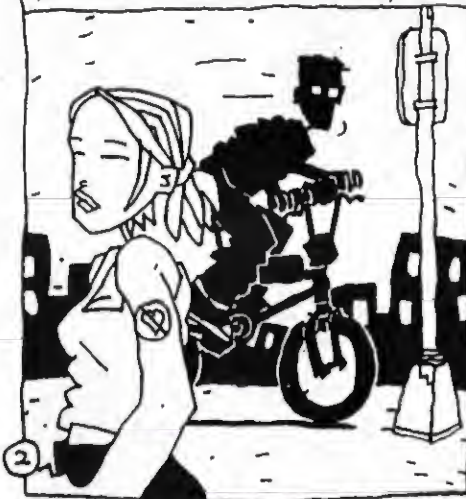
RIDE THE TRAILS DOWN TO THE CITY DUMP, AND DON'T LET THAT OL' JUNKYARD DOG BITE YA IN THE RUMP!



WHEN YER FEELIN' LIKE A SALTY SEA DOG GROUNDED LIKE A LANDLUBBER, NOTHIN' LIVENS YOUR DAY MORE THAN BURNIN' RUBBER.



JUST TAKE A SPIN 'ROUND YER NEIGHBORHOOD, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO FAR,



AND WHEN YER RIDIN' AROUND DON'T FORGET TO KILL A CAR!



"We got both cars up to 110 M.P.H. on a country straight-away..."

"and then a squirrel scampered in front of my car..."



"I swerved, we collided..."

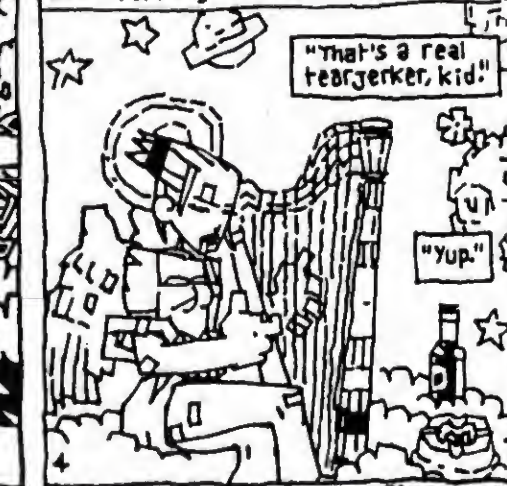


"...and both cars exploded into one huge ball of flame."



"so that's my story, Mr. Devil."

"I imagine Violet's up there on some fluffy cloud, strumming her harp and tapping ashes down."

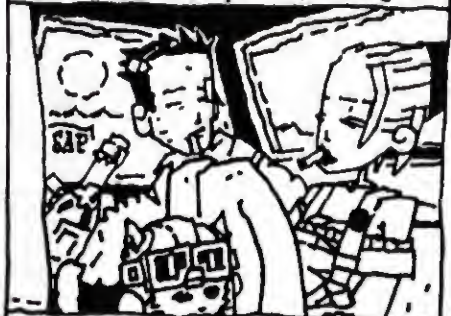


"That's a real tearjerker, kid!"

"Yup."

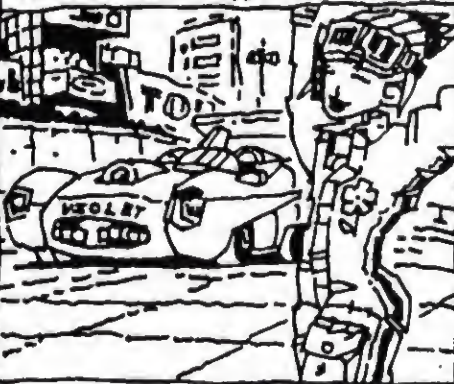
Words: Ian Lynam / Pictures: Simon Gane

"We woke up the next morning in the backseat. She asked if I wanted to be in her pit crew. I agreed."

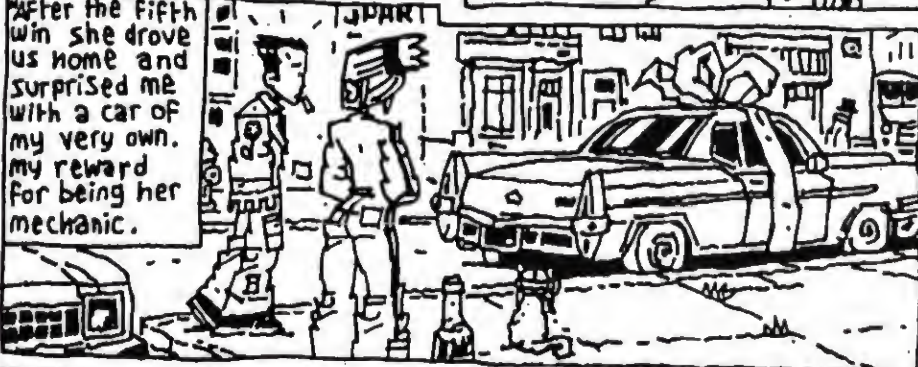


"Time elapsed. I watched her win five races..."

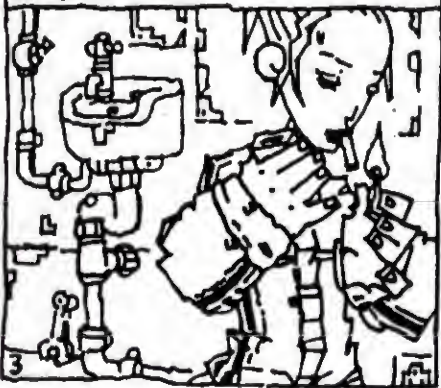
"Five checkered flags were waved and five trophies she held aloft, triumphant smiles spread across her face."



"After the fifth win she drove us home and surprised me with a car of my very own. My reward for being her mechanic."

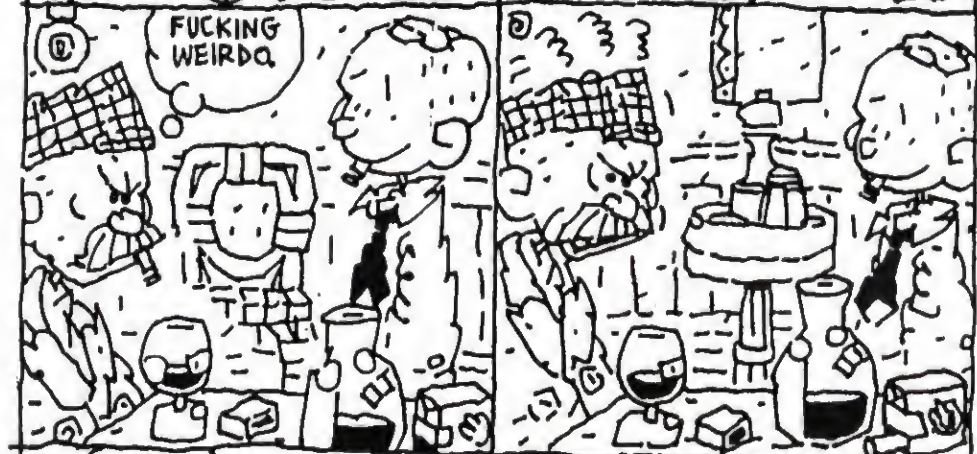
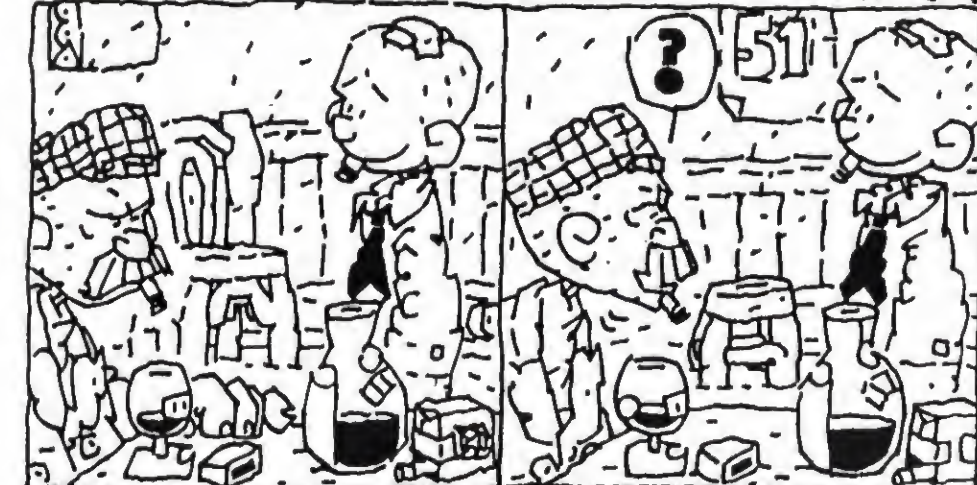


"No more outstretched thumb. I had found a home in my dear, Sweet Violet."



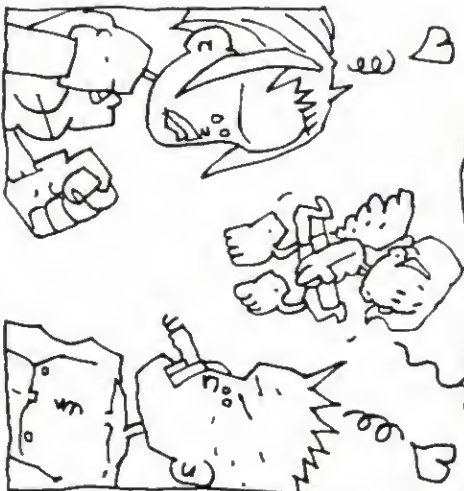
"We took the car out for a test drive, Violet speeding alongside me."

E V E R T R Y T H I S O N E ?



H A H A ! Y O U R L A U G H T E R ' S I N F E C T I O U S , R E A D E R

DOWNER.

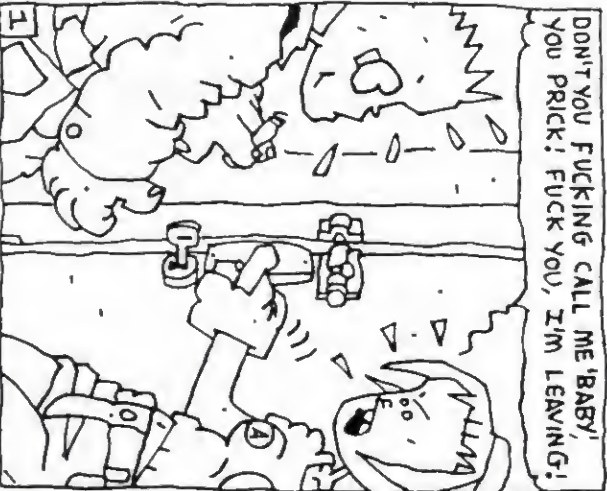


LISTEN!
I'M
SORRY!

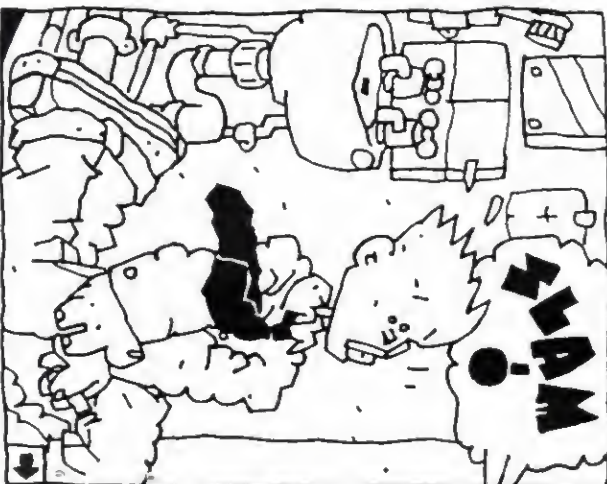
FUCK YOU!
YOU ARE
NOT!

BABY,
C'MON
...

WORDS: IAN • PICTURES: SIMON



DON'T YOU FUCKING CALL ME 'BABY'!
YOU PRICK! FUCK YOU, I'M LEAVING!

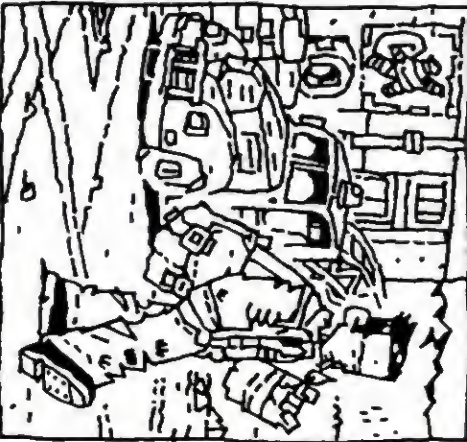


SWAM

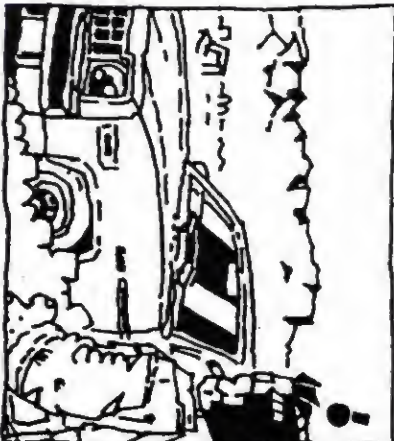
"I went back to work, disheartened by her departure. I closed up shop, counted out the money, put the spare tires away, put the tools back in place, and closed the bay doors."



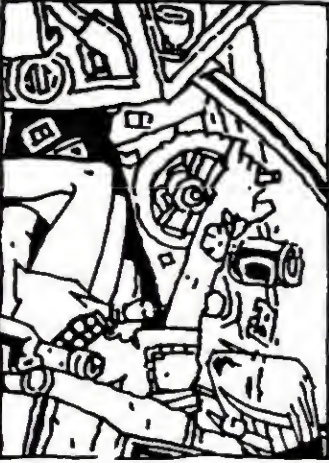
"I locked up and walked outside, heading for the road."



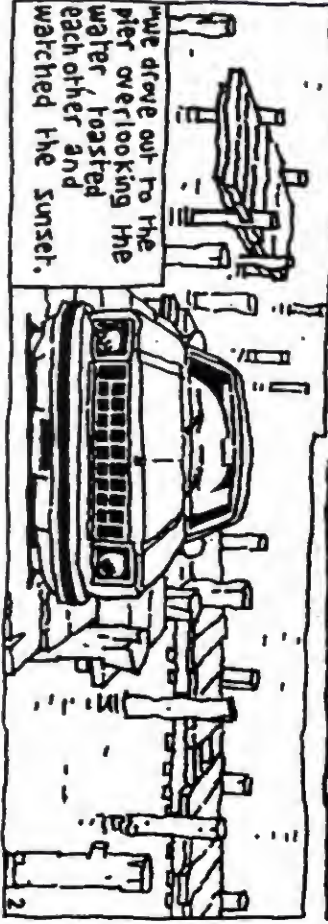
"I stretched out my thumb and violet roared up and skidded to a halt."



"With a wry smile she opened the door. The kitten was already in the backseat, and there was a bottle of champagne and two glasses on the floor board."

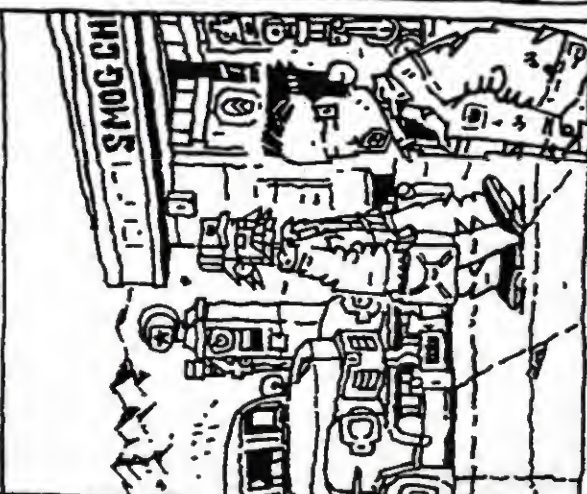


"We drove out to the pier overlooking the water, toasted each other and watched the sunset."

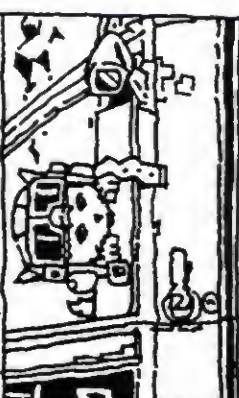


violet

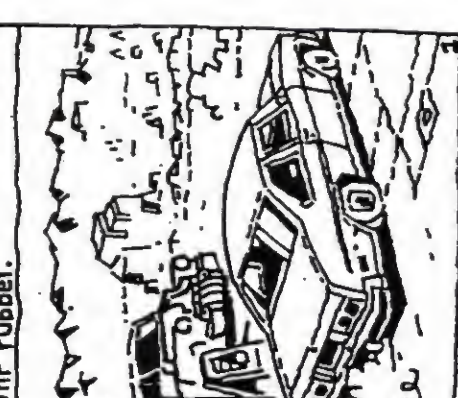
"Me and Dave were closing up the gas station when she roared in."



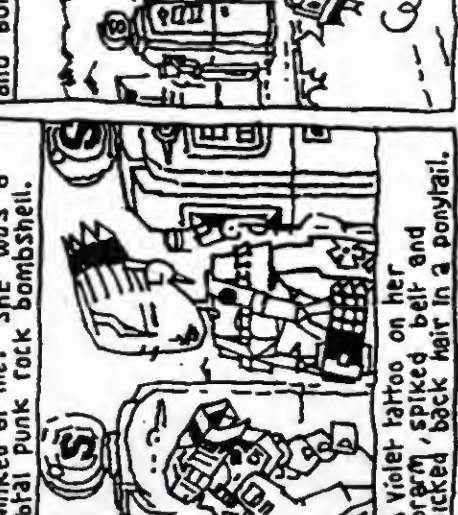
"She was driving a '78 chevy nova, a kitten with a pilot's cap and aviator goggles hanging out the passenger side window."



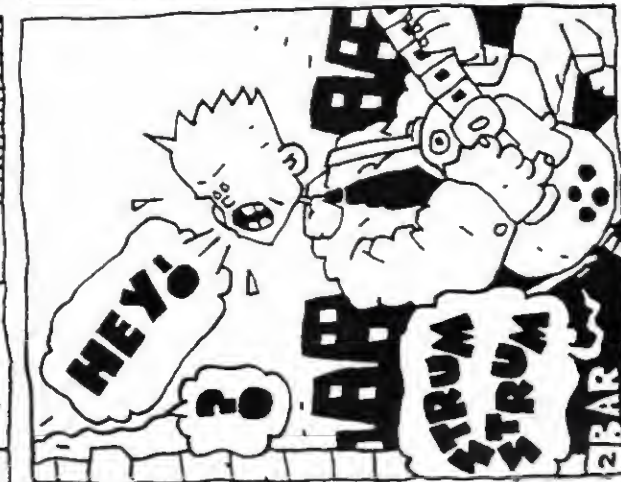
"She filled up her tank, smirked as she payed me."



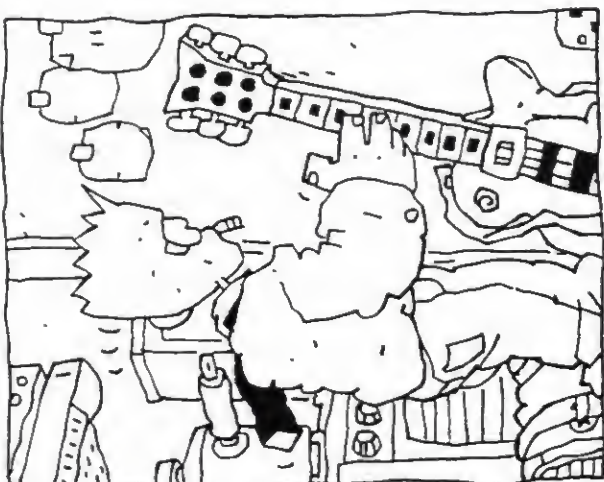
"I gave her the change, and she winked at me. She was a total punk rock bombshell."



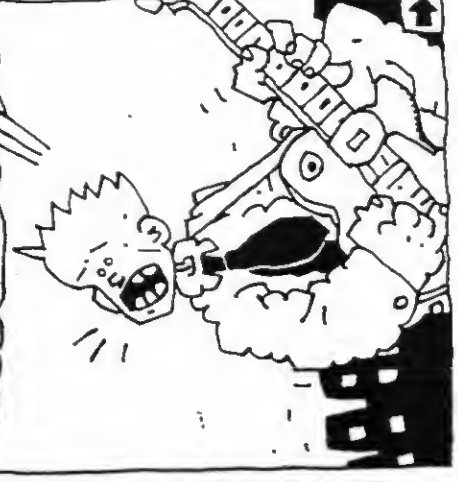
"A violet tattoo on her forearm, spiked belt and slicked back hair in a ponytail."



"HEY!"

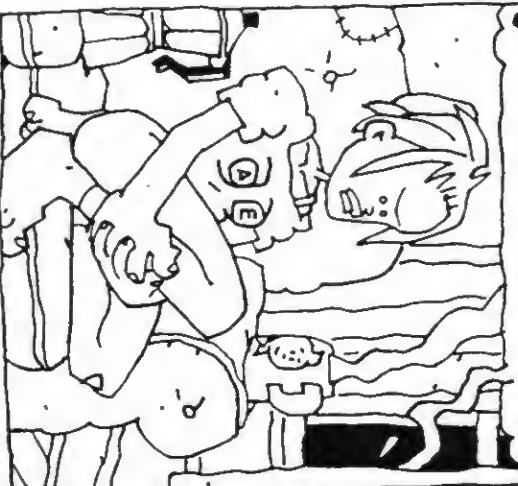


"WOAH, I'M STUCK ON YOU LIKE A VINYL COUCH IN THE SUMMERTIME, AND IT HURTS TO CROSS THAT LINE, TO BEIN' ALO-O-O-NE!"

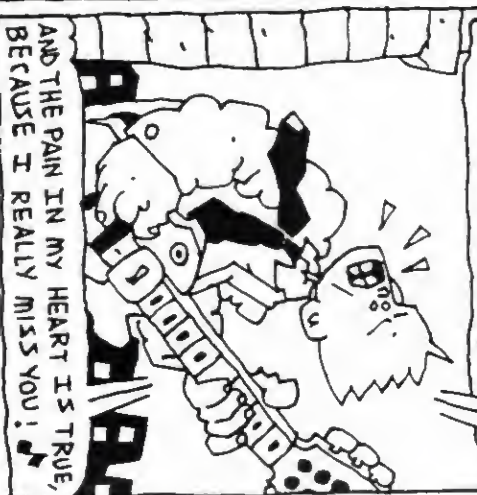


"STRUM STRUM"

SO I COME SKULKIN' AROUND YER
HOME, YOU MAKE MY HEART RACE
LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN!

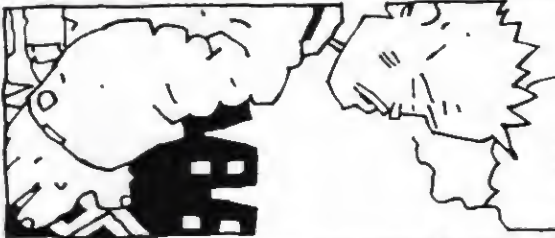


LIKE A CAR IN THE FAST LANE,
OH, I WANT YOU CLOSE TO ME,
JUST THINKIN' OF YOU MAKES ME
KICK IN MY SLEEP!

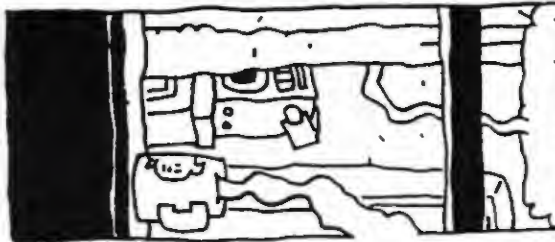


AND THE PAIN IN MY HEART IS TRUE,
BECAUSE I REALLY MISS YOU!

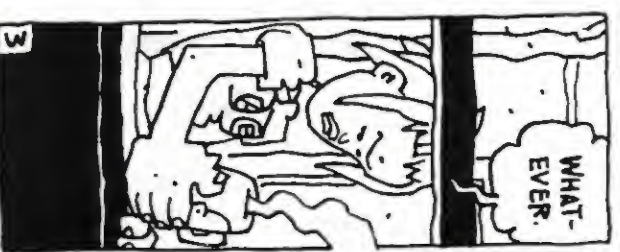
SERK.



AH, WHO NEEDS
YOU, ANYWAY?



ASS-
HOLE.



3

